

Undercover Lover by Fanflick

Category: Stranger Things (TV 2016)

Genre: Actual Plot Then Porn, Bottom Steve, Cop Steve, Handcuffs, Implied/Referenced Child Abuse, M/M, Mob boss Neil, Not Beta Read, Other Additional Tags to Be Added, Undercover cop Billy

Language: English

Characters: Billy Hargrove, Dustin Henderson, Jim "Chief" Hopper, Steve Harrington

Relationships: Billy Hargrove & Steve Harrington, Billy Hargrove/Steve Harrington

Status: In-Progress

Published: 2018-05-21

Updated: 2018-06-25

Packaged: 2022-04-22 05:02:39

Rating: Explicit

Warnings: No Archive Warnings Apply

Chapters: 3

Words: 6,742

Publisher: archiveofourown.org

Summary:

Life has always been a bitch to Billy, but that changed when Steve Harrington came into the picture. The once mobster Billy has now turned his life around by becoming a cop alongside his boyfriend. But now Billy will have to face his past if he ever wants to have a future with Steve. It's the undercover cop story that just sort of happened.

1. Life is a bitch.

Author's Note:

Hello, thank you for reading my story. I hope you enjoy it, and if you can please leave a comment or kudos. Either way I am glad that this idea happened after scrolling through my tumblr.

Life has always been a bitch to Billy, she made sure he grew up real quick. Making him remember how he was born to be just as bad as his father.

For the longest time Billy did what he was told, he broke the kneecaps of the idiot who didn't pay up or took the beatings his father gifted him.

The fury he felt quickly labeled him as the Mad Dog of Long Beach, and for the longest time he wore that name with pride. No one dared mess with him especially after this one incident involving his hair.

Billy liked his hair long, reminded him of his favorites bands, but of course some asshole gangster had to mock him. The thing was that no matter how handsome or toned he was, no one should even try to hint about which team he swings for.

The moment the slur was snickered out, Billy could only remember the rage he felt as he pounded the guy's face into the cement. It took a handful of people to even pull him away before he could even calm down.

The punishment his father gave him was certainly unforgettable, he cut his face with a pair of scissors and told him to save the fighting for the next target.

Billy could still recall how powerless he felt in that moment, and how he would cover it up with fake confidence. He knew he could die any day therefore he lived in the moment rather than worry about the future.

He had no idea that going to the beach that day was the start of his second life, and meeting the person who would change him forever-Steve Harrington.

It was the hottest day of the Summer, and thinking with his cock he knew the perfect place to pick up some girls. He would never admit that the fondest memories he had with his mother was at the beach.

He needed a distraction, so he slipped on his shortest trunks and made his way to the ocean.

He was flirting with a true Californian girl, the type who tanned and bleached her hair blond with daddy's money. Those were the types who took some charm in order to get them naked.

That's what Billy needed, a challenge. Then he heard someone yelping as something cold started to melt on his face, getting his hair sticky.

There was a curly headed kid who looked more upset about his ice cream then hitting Billy with it. He grabbed the dork by the shoulder and was about to teach him a lesson before someone interrupted.

"Whoa, hands off of the kid!" A man with big fluffy hair gripped his arm, wearing excess sunscreen on his nose.

"Steve, I dropped my ice cream. Could you buy me another one?" The kid pouted and Billy didn't care if he was a twelve year old, he was going to punch him.

"Jesus, Dustin! You spilled your ice cream on a stranger and you want me to buy you another?" Steve seemed equally annoyed as Billy.

"Well, I barely got a few licks in it before I tripped." Dustin grumbled and Billy couldn't believe how rude the kid was.

"Oh my God! Apologize, you little shit. Could you just take the time to say you're sorry?" Steve frowned, and now Billy is finally taking a look.

He is lean, slim, and has no tan lines while wearing a speedo. Fuck, he is definitely the type of boy Billy secretly glances at when no one

is looking.

Plus he has these eyes that draw his attention in, those fucking Bambi eyes are just absolutely perfect. He obviously seem wary of Billy, but he doesn't let go as he continued to hold onto Billy.

"I am sorry." The dweeb finally said and Billy finally lets go. He can't fight a kid in front of everyone, it's not because he wants Steve to think he is an alright guy or something.

Billy turned his attention to Steve once they are no longer touching, "Your little brother sure is something, huh?" He tried to sound tough, possibly even cheeky as he licked his lips.

Steve doesn't let the movement go unnoticed, but he shrugged. "Dustin isn't my brother, he is part of the nerd squad over there that I am suppose to be watching."

Steve doesn't hesitate in pointing over to a group of kids splashing in the water, which Dustin quickly run over to get away from Billy.

A part of Billy wants to wring the kid by his neck to make him apologize properly, but all thought is forgotten when Steve started speaking.

"Listen, I know he is sort of a pain in the ass and everything but he really is a good kid. Sorry he blew your chances over there." Steve scratched his head, not sure how to say "Sorry a nerd got between you getting laid" or something.

"Were you watching me, pretty boy?" Billy could feel his smile coming out, but for once it wasn't for a fight. Steve face goes a shade brighter as he nervously shrugged again.

"I mean I was watching Dustin and then he tripped, so I maybe noticed you before the big mess." Steve definitely is cute, and the Billy can't help himself from smirking.

"Well, that makes you as bad as the kid. So how about you buy me some ice cream and I'll call us even?" Billy somewhat flirted. but Steve didn't seem to mind.

That Summer was the best Summer of Billy's life, whenever things got rough in the crime world Steve was there for him. This was the first time a relationship with a boy was going well.

He learned a lot about Steve like where he is from, the type of people in his life, and sometimes while they watch the bonfire Steve would tell him about his fears.

Fear was an everyday occurrence for Billy, it showed weakness and could easily ruin a man. However, Steve was different he understood his fears and wasn't afraid to share them with Billy.

They shared their first kiss at midnight as the kids run off to chase each others with sparklers. It felt good, it felt normal, and for once Billy pondered what life would be like with Steve Harrington.

Except, life was never kind to Billy. The underworld would always rear it's ugly head at the worse of times and this definitely was a terrible time.

Billy was told to be there when they deliver the goods and if they don't pay then he had to rough them up. The moment he saw Hopper there he knew that it wasn't going to end well.

How was he supposed to know that Steve and everyone was there because Hopper's old buddy invited them for the Summer? Or that Hopper joined in on a undercover operation?

It happened way too fast, before he knew it Billy was laying there on the floor with a bullet in his gut. Some members were certainly dead, while others left Billy for dead.

He was bleeding all over the place, and the last thing he thought of was how Steve would take the news. Then everything turned black for him.

Eventually, he woke up in the hospital and he had no idea what was happening. For a second he thought the gang got help, but once he noticed Hopper in the room he understood.

"Now, I know you have some explaining to do here, and I'll give you some time to do so," Hopper started.

"However, just so we are clear if you had an malicious intent on any of those kids I will personally see to it that you rot in Hell." Hopper finished his cigarette as he glared at Billy.

"No, I wasn't planing on bringing this to them. Fuck, it's my life and I just wanted to be normal for a bit." Billy didn't know if the tears were from the pain or the fear of what Steve would think.

"What do you mean it's your life?" Hopper pondered and maybe it was the pain killers finally making their way into his system but either way Billy started talking.

He told Hopper everything, from the dead of his mother to the beatings of his father. Hell, he even told him how scared he was his feelings for Steve. Hopper stayed silent until he was finished with his life story.

"Okay, listen kid I got a proposition for you. How would you like to go to Hawkins with us?" Billy couldn't understand what was happening.

"There is a bunch of John Does dead, and I know a guy so it wouldn't be hard for you to fake your death. You seem like an alright kid, rough around the edges but then again so am I," Hopper added.

"Plus your father, the mob boss, seemed to work only in California. Hawkins is in Indiana and I doubt he would think you ran away there." Hopper ended and Billy couldn't help but think about one thing.

"Would Steve find out about who I really am if I go with you guys?" He worried about what he would think of him.

"Eventually you will have to tell him, but honestly you don't have to worry about that. Steve is a good guy, he cares and I know he cares about you. I have seen it." Hopper sighed to himself, weary from the day.

"I got nothing here, I want to go with you guys." Billy confessed as his eyelids felt heavy, and the last thing he saw before falling asleep was Hopper's face full of relief.

He stayed in the hospital for a couple of days, Hopper filled him in on how the paper work for his death was going. Ensuring that the bodies were cremated since they had no families to speak of.

Those days seemed like agony, his paranoia growing everyday. What if they failed and his father found him?

He didn't calm down until Steve arrived one day, seeing that floppy hair walk in made Billy smile. He didn't want Steve to find out, but it was better he told him now rather than have it as a problem later.

He could see Steve storming out of the room or possibly calling him a monster for everything he has done. Instead he felt those lanky arms wrapped around him as he confessed everything.

To be comforted felt unusual to say the least, but it wasn't terrible. There was just something about Steve that made Billy let go of his anger, his fear, and his depression.

By the end of the Summer, Billy boarded the plane to Indiana without looking back.

The next couple of years were heaven compared to his previous life. Hopper basically adopted him and got him fake high school transcripts to ensure he at least graduates.

His name was now William Hopper, but he still liked being called Billy. Plus he had a little sister, Jane, who apparently had a rough childhood herself.

Billy never thought about siblings, but he liked Jane. Sometimes she didn't understand, yet they bonded over many things. When she reached her punk phase, Billy might of exposed her to bitchin' types of music.

High school for once wasn't about being the top dog, as long as Steve was there he was fine. He never thought he would be friends with people like Nancy, Barb, or even Jonathan.

Yet Steve changed him, whenever he got mad he went to Steve. Sometimes that was at midnight or three on a Saturday, no matter how angry he got Steve would somehow calm him down.

The years came and went, and he followed Steve when he decided to become a police officer. The training wasn't that hard, but cutting his hair was alarming.

Billy has been growing it out for years, but if he wanted to make it he would have to. He would deny the tears he shed for his hair and how he avoided mirrors for a bit.

Yet Steve kept complimenting him until he grew to like it with kisses and scalp massages. He would catch Steve staring and eventually he gain the confidence to wink at him.

The apartment they shared felt more like home than anywhere else he lived. Even though a few handful of people knew about their relationship, Billy for once felt happy about who he really was.

Everything seemed perfect, until one day Steve came running in. There apparently was a new drug lord in Hawkins, and deep down Billy knew who it was.

Life was still a bitch, because his father set up shop in little old Hawkins, Indiana.

2. The Storm.

Summary for the Chapter:

Steve knew Hawkins has grown worse over the years, but he didn't expect this.

(Thank you for reading and if you can please leave a comment!)

Now, originally Hawkins was a typical small town with not much excitement going on. However as the years past, slowly but steadily more people started to set up shop in the town.

Drugs that normally plagued the streets of major cities sneaked into the backbone of Hawkins and became a real problem for the police there.

For the longest time Steve had no idea why this was even happening. Was it because of the squeaky clean town being the perfect cover? Or that as more people settled down in the mountain, trouble just followed?

Either way Steve spent the beginning of his career like a real city cop, and that was alright with him. He knew the rules and codes established to help them, and paperwork never really bothered him.

Except once Billy joined the scene then it started to get a bit ridiculous.

You see, Billy was the perfect example of a loose cannon for the Hawkins Police Department. He didn't care if he had to break a few bones to get the truth or go outside the law to fight the right man.

Which was great for the department to handle these cases swiftly, but left mountains of paperwork for Steve to go through. He had to process the criminals, ensure the evidence wasn't tampered, and keep

an eye out for Billy.

Billy who regularly wore his bruises as a badge of honor after a big case or turning in the suspect with a broken nose. Steve was basically a nurse back at the apartment and somehow gotten used to everything.

Maybe it was the way that Billy would use that charming smile or whispered promises into his ear that made him compliant to Billy's way of policing. In the end Steve made sure that no matter what, he would always support him.

Then on that Wednesday morning everything changed, and Steve knew a storm had made its way to Hawkins.

It was Dustin's first week as a cadet, he needed experience before he could ever become a cop there. Steve liked Dustin and secretly hoped to partner him up with Billy in the future.

Steve could imagine how annoying Dustin would be for Billy and maybe that would stop him from being too reckless. However, that day he planned to show Dustin how they ticketed speed demons.

They sat in the cruiser, having a donuts to congratulate Dustin for somehow getting through boot camp before a car sped past them going 70 on a 35 miles per hour only area.

"Hold my coffee!" Steve shoved the cup into Dustin's hand as he flipped the sirens on and went after the car. He hated car pursuits, but it became worse when someone started to shoot at them.

"Holy shit!" Dustin mumbled over and over again as Steve pulled out his own gun from his holster. He really wished he had his cup of coffee before handling this kind of shit.

He shot out the front tire, and was about to go for the back tire before the car made an abrupt turn. It took only a few seconds before the car slammed into a giant tree, finally ending the car case.

Steve parked the car, "Call for backup while I check on the driver." Dustin nodded as he wiped his sugar coated hands on his shirt to use the radio.

Steve hesitantly stepped closer to the car, he needed to make sure he wasn't going to get shot before noticing that the single passenger was passed out.

The man was in his early forties, who had seen better days, and certainly wasn't going to see anymore days if Steve didn't do anything fast. The man was bleeding out, the accident left a giant cut on his head.

"Dustin, call for an ambulance." Steve yelled out as he noticed the back of the car was filled with a duffle bag. He unzipped it to find pounds of cocaine and stacks of money within.

"Fucking Hell." Steve sighed to himself as he glanced over to the criminal.

He was staring straight at him, the blood started to drip down the center of his face. It felt eerie to say the least, then the man started to talk.

"Fuck, Neil is going to find out." The perpetrator mumbled to himself as he pulled out his gun. Steve held his breath, jumping towards the back of the car in order to take cover.

He could see the criminal from where he hid, and was shocked to say the least at what happened next.

The man placed the gun into his mouth and pulled the trigger, ending his own life in front of Steve. It left him speechless, in all the years of being a cop he had never seen anything like this.

Dustin came running out of the car when he heard the gun shot. Leaving the car door wide open as he checked on Steve, his eyes wide open and afraid.

"Steve. are you alright?" Dustin said as he shook Steve's shoulders. Steve nodded, "Yeah, yeah, yeah I am alright. It just shocked me that's all."

He stood up, recalling the last words the man said before pulling out his gun as Dustin held him back into the car. He wondered how Billy was going to take the news.

The thing was Steve knew who Neil was, or better yet he knew what he had done.

It took a while for Billy to open up about what happened, all the abuse and fear he felt back in the day. Yet, eventually he told Steve everything and anything he can.

It was after the night they first made love, as they laid next to each other in the dim lit room of his childhood room. Back when he still lived with his non existent parents and was in high school.

He could recall how breathless they both were, panting aloud as they catch their breaths. Steve made himself comfortable by cuddling next to Billy, having his arms wrapped around him.

It was just the two of them, laying together as they revel in their relationship. Then Billy confessed everything, why he was in Hawkins and who he was before he met Steve.

Those tears that weld up in his eyes finally fell down his face when Steve cupped his jaw, pulling him into a comforting kiss as he accepted him. The moment of pure intimacy now proved there was more to come.

He understood why the man took his own life, Steve comprehended how cruel Neil would be to those who crossed him. It was easier for the man to end it right then and there, rather than be tortured by Neil.

It didn't take long before more cops came over there to handle the investigation, Steve had Dustin drive him back to the precinct. He needed to tell Billy who was running the drug cartel in Hawkins.

He left Dustin in the car as he ran into the building, he had to find Billy and tell him. He needed him to know.

"What's wrong? Did Dustin make fun of your music taste again?" Billy huffed as he sat at his desk, throwing a crumpled up piece of paper across the room.

"Billy, I know who is in charge of the drug cartel," Steve started as he walked towards Billy. He went from tongue and cheek to grave as

Steve came closer.

"Neil." Billy interrupted him as he shifted in his seat, uncomfortable from the news.

Steve just wanted to hold him in his arms, tell him everything was going to be alright. Except, he knew he couldn't or better yet shouldn't since that would be a lie.

Steve knew that they both had no idea what they were going to do about this, and before Steve could say anything Billy stood up from his desk.

"I have to tell Hopper." He announced as he made his way to his office. After all these years Hopper remained in charge of all of them, as if he knew one day they would need him like this.

Steve followed Billy, closing the door behind them as Hopper signed a document or two. He glanced up, but continued his work as he chugged some coffee.

"Hop, Neil is back. He is in Hawkins." Billy spoke up and instantly Hopper stopped everything to look at the both of them.

"Oh, great now this!" Hopper sighed as he leaned back in his chair, tired to say the least. Steve scratched his neck, he had no idea what they should do about this.

"I'll kill him." Billy spoke up, anger in his eyes as a moment passed.

"Whoa, no! If you do that then you will be in jail for life, Billy killing him yourself is not the answer." Steve replied as Billy started to bite his nails.

"Steve is right, if you kill the asshole then it will end your entire life here in Hawkins. It is going to open a can of worms that we all know doesn't need to be open." Hopper groaned as he shook his head.

"Then are you telling me to look the other way and have other officers try to take him down?" Billy hissed, punching the wooden desk.

"Billy, we both know that Neil deserves to rot in prison, but we need evidence to take him down. Back in California he basically got off scot-free by somehow destroying evidence." Hopper gulped down the rest of his coffee.

"Didn't he kill the officers who actually uncovered dirt on him? I don't know how we are going to take him down without any casualties for the police department." Steve recalled as Hopper and Billy both frowned at him.

"Listen, I'll take care of this for now. I'll find a way, just promise me the both of you will stay out of this for now?" Hopper wearily said as he returned to signing the papers on his best.

"Yeah, alright. Come on Billy." Steve answered as he tugged on his boyfriend's wrist. Billy pulled away from his touch, "I am serious Hopper, if we don't do anything soon then I'll get the bastard myself."

"Oh, yeah? Then how do you suppose you will do that?" Hopper nearly growled back at Billy.

It took him a second before he answered, "I'll go undercover to do it."

Steve gasped, "Billy what the Hell are you talking about? You can't do that!"

"Don't worry about me, I know I can do it." Billy clenched his hand as he stared down Hopper.

"Listen, kid I don't think that is such a good idea. We faked your death, remember?" Hopper rolled his eyes, but Billy shook his head.

"Hear me out, I'll find him and tell him for the longest time I was laying low. He will probably make me low ranking, but it won't take that much time for me to climb the ladder," Billy explained.

Steve shook his head, "Billy you are going to get yourself killed!"

"I need to do this Steve, if I don't then he might find out about me soon enough. He'll go after you, Dustin, and the rest of the gang. Please just let me do this." Billy begged as slammed his fist onto the desk again.

"Fine, but if you are going undercover we will have to make sure no one else in the department know. This has to be kept under wraps in order to work." Hopper gave in.

Steve wanted to cry, but he promised himself to always support Billy no matter what. He had no idea how long it would take, but if it was what Billy wanted then he will help as much as he could.

That day Billy left the department, having Hopper making an announcement that he will be off duty for the latest stunt he pulled. Pretending that the station had enough with his brash and foolhardy attitude.

Dustin patted him on the back as Steve watched Billy turn in his gun and badge. He prayed to God that this was the right decision for the both of them.

That evening he walked into their apartment, sighing as he locked the door. Sitting on the couch was Billy, lazily flipping through channels.

"Hi babe." Billy mumbled as he finally found something to watch. Steve threw himself on the couch, having his head laying in Billy's lap.

Billy instantly started to massage his scalp, messing around with his hair as he watched the television. Steve shivered in the feeling as his nails scrapped against his skin.

"So what did you do today?" Steve sighed as he laid there. He wasn't hungry, Dustin forced him to eat a large burger to cheer him up after his boyfriend was forced out of the unit.

"Grabbed a bite to eat, threw down with some drug dealers and found out where Neil will be tomorrow." Billy shrugged as if it was a mundane explanation.

Steve sat up, "What? You know where he is going to be already? Jesus, you are way too fast." Billy chuckled at Steve's reaction.

"Drug dealers who are already sniffing the product are easy to convince. Did you think it was going to take a whole week or

something to track him down?" Billy nonchalantly cracked open a cold beer that was sitting on the coffee table.

"Use a coaster, but um yeah?" Steve frowned when Billy placed the bottle on the wood. There was a reason why they owned coasters, and he hated how many times he had to tell Billy.

"Okay, I am going to be real with you. I love you, but you are going to have to trust me about all of this," Billy looked at Steve.

"I know how this world works and if I am going to bring Neil down as soon as possible then I am going to have to work fast." Billy sighed as he held onto his beer.

"Alright, I am just scared you know? I don't want you to get hurt." Steve could feel his eyes water, it felt like he couldn't breath.

"It's going to be fine, look at me. I am not a some punk anymore, I know what I am doing. Once this is all over we can finally move on." Billy held onto Steve's jaw.

His fingers gently wrapped around his cheek, rubbing circles in order to calm him down. Steve has lost himself in his eyes before, but right now he needed to embrace him or something.

Billy leaned in first, kissing Steve and smiled as Steve kissed him back. They both pulled away, and Steve nodded as he agreed with Billy about what he had to do.

Billy grinned at him before laying back down onto the couch, Steve snuggled against his chest. Listening to his heart beat as they both mindlessly watch the television. He really hoped nothing bad will come from all of this.

3. Together.

Summary for the Chapter:

Sorry I took so long, but I had a bit of writers block for this story. So please enjoy this smut for now! Thank you again for reading my story, it means a lot since this story isn't as popular as my other stories. Please don't forget to leave a kudos or comment if you can!

There was something that always comforted Steve when Billy was in bed with him. Sure, they had sex but the fact that they were together made everything worthwhile.

It was also funny to have your partner wake up around the same time and go to the same job. Seeing each other everyday sounded mundane, but they both knew that it was the highlight of the day.

Only a few people knew of their relationship, and even though it sometimes made Steve depressed, he knew it had to be.

People judged you before getting to know you, and decide for themselves if you are a freak or not.

Appearance was everything to Billy, and Steve comprehended that he shouldn't try to stop him. They both knew well enough that America didn't care if they were dying on the streets, they saw them as trash.

Still, sometimes it frustrated Steve to see Billy act as if he wasn't whispering sweet nothings to in deep into the night. However, he had to remind himself that straight Billy was just an performance.

He had seen the true Billy Hargrove and no one else could take that away from him.

As they went to bed, Steve couldn't stop himself from overthinking. He worried about Billy even though he knew Billy could handle himself.

"Please promise me that you will do your best not to get killed." Steve

tried to joke, but his emotions got in the way. There was a fear of the unknown that always haunted him.

"Steve, baby, look at me," Billy asked him as Steve turned away, he could feel his eyes water.

Billy reached out to caress his jaw, slightly moving his face towards him in order to stare in those eyes. No matter how many years they had been together, he always loved them.

"I know this is a lot, but it is going to be okay. You know I need this, because if I don't then I will forever feel as if he is there. Waiting for the day I am not paying attention and strike." Billy explained as a tear slipped out of Steve.

Billy wiped it away with his thumb, as he rubbed small circles into his cheek.

"I know, I want you to overcome this. Could you just hold me tonight?" Steve asked as his breathing finally calmed down. Billy nodded, finally letting go of his face.

Steve made himself comfortable first, laying on his side of the bed. The blanket they shared was a Christmas gift from Dustin, soft and still fuzzy after all these years.

Then he wait for Billy to cuddle him, placing his arm underneath his pillow before pulling the blanket over them. Steve smiled to himself, recalling how this position usually made Billy complain in the morning.

He would whine about how his arm felt funny, but still no matter how many times this has happened he continued to do it. He wanted Steve to feel safe in his arms.

It tickled Steve for a second as Billy's nose brush against his neck, but he instantly sighed in relief as he felt Billy's heart beat. It lulled him to sleep.

Until around four in the morning when Billy's hip rutted against his thigh. Steve was confused for a second before realizing what was going on.

Steve loved to cuddle, snuggle, and everything in between. However, this easily sparked Billy's libido and soon enough they both were in the mood for sex.

Sex in the beginning was as passionate and rough as you would imagine with someone like Billy. Yet, it didn't take long before Steve showed him the difference between making love and having sex.

The first time Steve took charge in the bedroom, well more like explored than taking charge, it the first time they made love.

It started with Steve finally touching Billy himself, massaging toned muscles that usually weren't appreciated in previous intense intercourse.

Then came the kisses that teased Billy, from his neck and down to his thighs before Steve took him into his mouth. Steve showed Billy that slow and passionate could go together that night, unlike anything Billy has had before.

People in California wanted a way to have fun and release some tension, plus Billy never cared about kissing them during the act.

Steve was of course different, he wanted it to mean something compared to the girls he had before. Plus it was intimidating to say the least to be the bottom.

Billy's bold tongue definitely made it a great venture into sex with another man, he even made Steve cum without even touching his cock.

Right now Billy is slowly grinding himself against Steve, doing his best not to wake him up.

The hot breath against his neck sent tingles down Steve's spine and he was wide awake in a couple of seconds. Billy's hands were callused and the rough skin against his waist reminded Steve he could push back.

Lifting his hips Steve rolled himself in time to Billy's thrust, making sure his boyfriend knew he was awake and willing.

Hell, he even reached down to cup Billy's erection in his shorts. Biting his own lip when Billy gave out a particularly erotic groan, Steve really needed this.

"Fuck, you are so hot." Billy huskily whispered into his ear. He moved his hand from his waist to Steve's hip, helping him move harder against Billy's cock.

Steve was wearing his old gym shorts and he swear he could feel the heated skin of Billy's dick brush against his ass. Maybe he was imaging it or something?

"Wait, when did you pull down your shorts?" Steve mumbled as he barely noticed that Billy's shorts were slipped down to his thighs. He was rutting his cock between Steve's thighs, hissing at the friction.

"Couldn't wait, fucking need you." Billy answered as he kissed Steve's neck. It felt nice, well sexy, but Steve wanted more.

"Stop for a second, I want you inside me." Steve murmured as he pulled his own hips away from Billy. The growl from his boyfriend's throat nearly made his legs tremble.

Billy sat up in the bed, leaning over to the bedside table to turn the lamp on. Finally Steve got to see his leaking cock as he watched Billy stroked himself a couple of times to release some of the strain.

"Well, what are you waiting for Princess?" Billy grinned as he catch Steve staring.

"You and I both know I need some lube or something. This isn't a porno where I am already prepped." Steve scoffed as he reached inside the drawer for some lubricant.

"How about next time we play cops and robbers then? Make a proper sex tape of it too." Billy winked as Steve threw his underwear and shorts off of the bed.

"I bet you would like that. Handcuffs too, right?" Steve smirked as he poured the lube onto his fingers. Billy stopped to watch him finger himself, Steve let out a small whine as he pushed one finger into himself.

"You in handcuffs? That's for a special occasion, but if you are willing." Billy licked his lips as Steve swiftly pushed the finger back and forth.

It didn't take long before one became two and soon enough he was hitting that magical place that made his toes curl. If Billy wasn't nearly begging him, he would make himself cum on his fingers alone.

"Come on, I know you can take it. Hop on over here already." Billy told him as Steve knew it was finally time.

He straddled Billy, letting their cocks brush up against each other as he went in for a kiss. The kiss turned sweet to lustful in a matter of seconds, Billy really knew what to do with his tongue.

Only then did Steve grasped Billy's dick as he sat down on it, moaning in the kiss as he felt the pleasurable burn. Billy didn't waste any time in groping his ass, smacking it Steve finally had him completely inside.

"Jesus, warn a guy!" Steve joked as Billy massaged it afterwards. He had that shit eating grin that somehow made always made Steve smile right back.

"I thought you could take it, Sweetheart." Billy teased as he rolled his hips, forcing a groan out of Steve. Two could play at that game!

Steve lifted himself up before falling back down onto Billy's cock, riding him like no one has ever before. Billy gasped as Steve started to twist his hips as he slide up and down.

The sounds of skin hitting against skin and there moans filled the room, it was lewd to say the least.

Billy finally having enough of Steve taking charge, firmly held onto his hips as he thrust upwards in an rugged rhythm. Steve's cock was rubbing against his abs and soon it was too much.

With a shocking silent whimper Steve climaxed, tightening himself as he came. It took Billy three more rolls of his hips before he finally came inside of Steve.

Steve panted against Billy's neck as they embraced each other, none of them wanted to let go first. The warmth felt nice and Steve felt glad he had a later shift than usual compared to other cops.

Billy glanced at Steve, planting a simple kiss as he finally slipped out of Steve. He knew he had time tomorrow morning to clean the sheets, therefore for right now he wanted to go back to sleep.

Billy laid down on his back, opening his arms up for Steve. This position was the best after sex, having Steve lay his head on his chest.

Steve hastily leaned in too far to turn off the lamp on Billy's side of the bed before taking his place on Billy's side. Steve didn't want to even glance at the clock, he just wanted to sleep.

The next morning Steve woke up to the sound of Guns N' Roses faintly playing outside the bedroom. The sun started to peek in through the blinds and Billy was no where in sight.

Yet the smell of bacon filled their apartment and Steve knew that Billy must be making breakfast for the both of them. Still, he felt sticky from the early morning sex and decided to take a quick shower.

Afterward he walked into their kitchen, dressed in his bathrobe as he took in the sight of Billy cooking in the kitchen. He was singing along with the song and Steve smiled.

"Morning!" Steve called out, Billy grinned right back him.

"Morning, I made coffee and the eggs should be done in a minute." Billy told him as he set the bacon on a plate lined with a paper napkin.

"Cool, has been a while since you made breakfast." Steve noticed as he grabbed his favorite mug. It read 'Number 1 Dad' and was a gag gift Dustin gotten him for father's day for no real reason.

"Well, I have a favor to ask actually." Billy lowered the radio before turning to Steve. Steve knew this was too good to be true as he filled his mug with coffee.

"What type of favor?" Steve sighed as opened the fridge for some milk, he hated pure black coffee unlike Billy who drank it every morning.

"I know that yesterday there was cocaine and money founded in that car. I am going to need it if my plan is going to work." Billy explained as Steve stopped for a second.

"Billy, don't tell me you are going to give it back to your dad to convince him you are on his side. It's already in storage!" Steve groaned as Billy shrugged.

"I need it Steve, come on when have I asked you for a favor," Billy started and Steve instantly wanted to point out the countless of favors in the past.

Billy stopped him before he could get a word out with an additional, "That weren't sexual in nature."

Steve shut his mouth and scowled at his boyfriend, Hopper won't mind right? Still, Steve wasn't the type to tamper with evidence or give the evidence back to criminals.

"Dude, I can't do that but you know that the code to the storage has never changed. So if you were to grab it, I had no idea if it was you or the other cops in our building." Steve sighed as he sipped his coffee.

He forgot the sugar and made a face that had Billy laughing. He had no idea if that was really the right thing to do, but for now only time will tell how all of this will go. They can get through this, together.